

BANNER OF PROGRESS

VOL. II.

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LITERARY.

For the Banner of Progress.

Belief

Belief will not account us much
Unless we comprehend us;
We must the solid matter touch,
Moreover, know it to be such,
Ere doubting will amend it.

Who never doubts has much to learn
From Matter and from Spirit;
Yet many with rare ardor burn—
They can a shadow just discern—
The Substance, they re not near it.

I sometimes fancy that mankind
Love darkness more than light,
Some men are thankful they are blind,
Because they more of pleasure find
In their spiritual night.

To have belief—why, one must keep
His thoughts in working trim!
It is far easier to sleep!
But then, good friends, who wants to we?
When comes the harvest hymn?

Who wants to live in slavish fear,
Nor dare to use the voice?
They bravely seek a heavenly sphere,
Who build their tabernacles near
Where Spirit-founts rejoice!

Why feast in fear on ancient creeds—
Salvation for the few?
My Soul a sweet gospel reads—
That God, who knoweth all our needs,
To all is just and true.

H. ABRINGTON DYER.

COMMUNICATIONS.

RATIONAL ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER EIGHT.

However hard men may strive to turn aside the stream of evidence that flows through the centuries of the past, showing that the great orb of day was originally held to be the God of the Universe (and by many people so regarded still), strive in vain, for the reason, that no one fact in the history of the religious formulas of several nationalities in bygone ages is more clearly and fully manifested to the senses of every person who will take the necessary trouble to examine into the subject matter, as it stands truthfully recorded.

"Zeus is the first, Zeus the thunderer* is the last. Zeus is the head, Zeus is the middle, and by Zeus were all things made. Zeus is male Immortal, Zeus is female. Zeus is the foundation of the earth, and of the starry heaven. Zeus is the Breath of all things. Zeus is the rushing of indefatigable fire. Zeus is the root of the sea. He is the sun and moon... his eyes the sun and the opposing moon, his unfeigned Mind the royal incorruptible Aether." (Orphic Fragments.)

"The Cabalists spoke of Adam as hermaphrodite. Phanes is male and female. Enos is two-fold in nature."

"But any one who cheerfully celebrates Zeus in songs of triumph shall completely attain to understanding; him that leads mortals the way to wisdom, that places knowledge upon suffering, firmly to remain." (Eusebius, *Agamemnon*, 175-178.)

"But the God Zeus gives both good and evil, sometimes to one, and sometimes to another; for he can all things." (Odyssey, iv, 236.)

According to the philosophy of the ancient Chaldeans, Bel-Saturn is the Father who is and remains the primal Cause of all that exists, the One Principle never named, but passed over in silence by the Babylonians and other Orientals. "And they constitute Two Principles, one Male, (the Spirit,) and the other Female, (Matter,) corresponding to the Greek Ouranous and Ge, the Roman Caelum and Terra, Heaven and Earth, the Sun and the Earth-goddess, Bel and Multa, Mars and Venus, Apasou (the Supreme Light, Taant, Thoth the Sun), the original male Potenzand-Taanthe (the feminine Matter, Baal and Belitis or Astarte, Osiris and Isis, Dyonusus and Demeter, Tezcatlipoca and Tonacachiau (Mexico), Saturn and his wife Ops the Earth-goddess, Adam and Eve, Ormuzd (Adonis) and Tanais (Athens), Elion (Baal-Berith) and Berith his goddess, the Two first Principles of all things. The same Two Principles are found among the Mexicans."

"Let those who fall (in war) be kindly received by the Sun and the Earth, who are the Father and Mother of all... O Lord most gracious to men, Lord of Battles, All-Ruler, whose name is Tezcatlipoca, God invisible and imperceptible! we entreat thee that those whom thou hast fallen in this war may be taken up into the abode of the Sun, that they may be gathered to the heroes fallen in previous wars; there they enjoy eternal pleasures, they celebrate in everlasting songs of praise our ruler, the Sun." "The Indian chief, Tecumseh, declared the Sun to be his Father and the Earth his Mother."

The archaeologist, Lepsius, informs us that sun-worship was the primitive national religion of the Egyptians. "Ra was the Sun. Not Ammon, but Ra, is the real King of the gods." The celebrated Christian historian, Mosheim, tells us that "everything that goes to make up the Christian religion emanated from Egypt."

The ancient religious sect of India, known as Brahmins or Brahma of Hindostan, recognized the Sun as God, or the Great God of the Universe; but they had also inferior gods, who, by a peculiar faith of the people, was metamorphosed into anything they wished to deify; in some instances, these gods were regarded on good things, as clarified butter and the like; the worshipers striking regular bargains with them for the fulfillment of their wishes, in con-

sideration of value received in the shape of a sacrifice. This kind of traffic is on a par with that of Jacob and his God. "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God: and this stone, which I have set up for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shall give me, I will surely give a tenth unto thee." (Gen. xxviii. 20.)

There is a lofiness of tone running through nearly all the devotional exercises of the ancient worshippers of the Sun, much of which contains sublimity of language, and elevation of thought, beautifully expressed, that even in our day is rarely met with; many of the recorded prayers of ancient date, are couched in a form highly pleasing to read, owing to their easy flow of harmonious construction.

Here are one or two examples:

"O Divine Aether, and ye swift-winged breezes, and ye fountains of rivers, and countless dimpling of the waves in the deep, and thou Earth, Mother of all, and to the all-seeing orb of the Sun, I appeal! (Eschylus, *Prom.*)

"To Aether.

"O thou that hast the might on high always untired of Zeus, a portion of the Stars and Sun and Moon, all-subduer, fire-breathing, that kindles all that live! Aether, that givest light on high, best rudiment of the world! O shining growth, light-bringing, star-radiant! calling on, I beseech thee! tempered to be serene!" (Orphic Hymn, v.)

It is not necessary to go to Moshmi, or to any other historian of the Jewish and Christian religions, for evidence of the origin of those forms, rites, and ceremonies, for the obvious reason that the Bible itself contains abundant testimony to prove, beyond peradventure, that all the main features of the Bible; that is to say, the principal ideas and doctrines, were drawn directly from Egyptian traditions and religious literature. The difficulty in the way, and that which has kept back a knowledge of these facts, has been of a three-fold character. First, the bigotry and intolerance, prevailing through fourteen or fifteen centuries of our era, prevented the publishing of any or all knowledge touching matters even suspected of the slightest conflict with Holy Mother Church. I was made witness to a specimen of this meddling, only a few days since. Happening in at the office of a friend in this city, he showed me a purchase he had made, of an ancient book, the date of which is 1629; the work is of a scientific character, relating to polarity and magnetism, with kindred subjects, printed in Latin. Now, before this work could be permitted to go to press, it became necessary, in accordance with the laws established by the Church, that it should undergo a rigid inspection by persons in the interest of the faith; and the second or third page bears the certificates of no less than three censors, who had carefully examined the manuscripts, which occupied from the 17th of Jan., 1629, to the 4th of August, of the same year. Second, the changing nature of all the ancient forms of language, together with the constant shifting and fusing of the names of supposed attributes of Gods, and all other things connected with ancient Sun and Fire worship. And, third, owing to much ignorance, mistranslations innumerable are known to have been made, all the way down from the earliest period of history to the present century; in addition to this, there has been more or less shameless dishonesty practiced by men of learning, all for the glory of holy religion, and the welfare of the Church militant. Forgeries have been proven in many instances, committed by some of the early Fathers of the Church; tampering with manuscripts has been a common practice in all Church history; so that with fanaticism, changing of names and language, outright dishonesty, all of which has occupied very many ages, it is at this day a somewhat difficult task to unravel and separate the false from the true. But thanks to the long prevailing bitterness and hatred fostered in the bosom of the Church itself, through a thousand years of unmitigated wrong and malice, torture and martyrdom, murder and rapine, we at this day are not left without a witness of all the monstrous inhumanity inflicted by the ignorance and worst passions of man upon man.

J. D. PIERSON.

* The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters." (Pss. xxii. 8.)

RELATION OF MIND AND PHYSIQUE

An examination of the nervous system, and the manner of conveying the mandates of the will from one part of the animal mechanism to another, may serve to give us a clue to the constituent substance of mind, and its connection with more palpable matter.

A nerve-fiber consists of a delicate thread—the axis filament—enveloped in an oil-like substance, which, in its turn, is enclosed in a thin investing sheath, or membranous tube. Many such fibers, bound together, constitute a nerve. The function of such a nerve-fiber, says Professor Draper, is indisputably of a physical kind, being the conveyance of influences from part to part. The axis filament is the line along which the translation occurs, the investing material being for the purpose of confining or insulating it, so as to prevent lateral escape. Such a construction is the exact counterpart of many electrical contrivances, in which a metallic wire is coated over with sealing-wax, or wrapped around with silk, the current being thus compelled to move in the wire, without any lateral escape. The ocean telegraphic cable affords another illustration on a more extended scale. Some of these nerve-fibers convey their influences to the interior, and are called centripetal; others convey them to the exterior, and are called centrifugal; but no difference in the structure of the two has been discovered. The influences ad-

vance along the line of the nerve-fiber with a velocity which is said to vary with the temperature of the mind to which it belongs. In the cold-blooded, it is much slower than in the hot. The progress has been estimated at eighty-five feet in a second in the frog, and two hundred in a man. These nerve-fibers are designated by physiologists as cerebro-spinal; there are sympathetic nerves, slightly differing from these.

The other portion of the nervous structure is vesicular; consisting of vesicles filled with a gray, granular material. Each vesicle has a thickened spot or nucleus upon it, and appears to be connected with one or more nerve-fibers; if with one, it is called unipolar; if with two, bipolar; if with more, multipolar, or atlante. Combined together, they constitute ganglia or nerve-centers, where influences may be preserved for a considerable time.

These three parts—the centripetal fiber, the vesicle, and the centrifugal fiber—constitute a simple nervous arc, which is found in the lowest form of animal life. As we ascend in the scale of life, this nervous system becomes more complicated, the arcs being, in anatomical language, commissured; nerve-fibers passing from each to its neighbors, bringing the whole into sympathy. The principle of dedication to special uses is carried out in the ganglia affected by light, sound, or odors. The centripetal nerve-fibers carry the impressions of these agencies to appropriate ganglion; these are so coalesced as to form masses of considerable size, which are commissured with those for ordinary motion. Superimposed on the spinal column is the cerebrum, the seat of ideas, thought, reason. This cannot produce motion of itself, but is obliged to use the telegraphic apparatus of the nerve-fibers to send its mandates to the muscles, causing them to contract and expand so as to produce locomotion. The intelligence of an animal is approximately measured by the relative size of the cerebrum and the sensory ganglia.

Now it is plainly indicated that intelligence does not consist in the convolutions of the brain, but that this is an ingeniously contrived mechanism to bring the more refined spiritual organism, the real thought-power, into relationship with the more crude matter of our physical systems. If this is not so, the argument of the Materialist is unanswerable, that when the organism of the brain perishes, the mind must cease to exist.

Assuming, then, what astronomical science indicates, that when the earth had rolled on in its individualized existence for inconceivable ages, it gradually became so matured as to require, in the economy of Nature, an overseer upon its surface, to assist in beautifying its fauna and flora, and subduing its various elements and forces to use—it is plain that a being would be required possessing the two essential elements of thought, spiritual perceptions, and affection, relating him to disembodied spirits; and a physical body embracing in its composition all the crude elements of the earth's surface, to enable him to produce direct effects upon the theater of his action, and draw sustenance therefrom. Were this being merely spiritual and intellectual, no improvement could be made upon the earth's surface; were he a mere animal, destitute of the spiritual and intellectual, no plans, contrivances, or triumphs over Nature's forces could be achieved. In man, we find these two principles so delicately, accurately, and perfectly blended, as to meet the requirements. In the above sketch of the nervous system, we see the mechanism of the connecting link between the refined matter of the spirit and the crude matter of the physique. In these facts we find a clue to a rational explanation of those psychological and spiritual phenomena which so puzzle the world—be scientific. They are posed because they ignore any spiritual existence acting through the physical. They deny the existence of anything which cannot be reached by the scalpel, the crucible, or the microscope. They commit the unphilosophical blunders of considering only one-half of the facts in the case.

Before the advent of modern Spiritualism, the writer saw Leroy Sunderland psychologize a lady in the presence of an audience of several hundred, throwing her into entire unconsciousness; while in this condition, a dentist was called upon the stand, and a large molar tooth was by him extracted—the lady not exhibiting a twinge of a muscle, or any indication of pain. In that case, a spirit in a physical body threw his spiritual or magnetic forces upon the physical organism of another; seizing, overbearing, and perhaps paralyzing the nervous centers through which consciousness and memory are manifested, and then easily controlling the entire system. When what was here done by a spirit in the body, is done by a spirit out of the body, we have the phenomena of spirit control and mediumship. I propose in future article to consider more at length the relation of the spirit-world to the mundane world, as the future inspirer of scientific progress, mechanical inventions, and moral feelings, which are destined eventually to raise the family of man above wars, pestilence, prostitution in and out of wedlock, poverty, and the antagonisms of professions, trade, and business of every kind, to which it is now a

ATHEISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

"Beat the Gods, and the priests will tremble."—Talmud.

BRO. TODD:—I want to have a little quiet talk with you on the above subject; not a controversy, only a comparing of notes. In your lecture on Immortality, you introduce an Atheist—"an imaginary character," you say; "a man of straw," which can offer no resistance. Perhaps an imaginary Atheist served your purpose better than a real one would have done; yet, at the same time, if a *bona fide* Atheist can be of any service to you, it is very probable that one or two, or as many as the case should demand, might be found. I have heard great deal said of there being no real Atheists; and it seems very idle talk indeed. If no serious doubts have existed in the minds of men in regard to the existence of God, for what end are the many works, such as Paley's "Natural Theology," written? Why so much labor to defeat the arguments of people who are only myths? I have heard men say the same of the unbeliever in the plenary inspiration of the Bible—the Infidel. And, Bro. Todd, you know that there are Infidels.

But what is an Atheist? Says Webster: "One who disbelieves or denies the existence of a God or supreme intelligent Being." Now, the task of finding such an one is not difficult. D'Holbach expresses himself very clearly on that subject; for example: "Do not let us attribute her (Nature's) work to an imaginary cause, which has no other existence than in our brain." Read Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose's lecture in defense of Atheism, and doubt, if you can, her sincerity in her unbelief in the existence of God. She says: "Whatever good you are willing to do for the sake of your God, I am fully as willing to do for the sake of man." What have you to say to Frances Wright, another free, noble woman? Listen! She says: "Imagine a Deity under any fashion of existence; how are our dreams concerning Him in an imaginary heaven to affect our happiness, or our conduct on a tangible earth? Affect it indeed they may for evil, but how for good? The idea of an unseen Being, ever at work around and about us, may afflict the human intellect with idle terrors, but can never guide the human practice to that is rational and consistent with our nature." (A Few Days in Athens.)

There are no lack of living, honest, avowed Atheists. George J. Holyoake, of England, is an example. He served six months in prison for an atheist, known as such, would be greatly increased, but for the disqualifications to which the acknowledgment subjects all who are bold and honest enough to make it. God is the key-word into many of our secret societies; into remunerative political offices; and into all our courts of justice. All this is very complimentary to the Atheist. First, it is an acknowledgment of his existence; secondly, it is a proof of a belief in his honor. Yet the Atheist, not wishing to be a martyr to the follies of men, has often to improvise a God, a proxy to pass him through the theological obstructions which occur in the journey of life. This, at present, is very easy to do. The Atheist, being generally a person of intellect and principle, has therefore embodied many excellent ideas in the elucidation of his belief—excellent enough to capture the Theist, who, in order to be able to receive them, has deified them. Thus, the aggregated forces and qualities of the universe—Nature—is the Atheist's highest conception of power. But men in their blind idolatry to the word "God," in order to accept the Atheist's platform, called *Nature God*—binding a theology upon the Atheist First, it is an acknowledgment of his existence; secondly, it is a proof of a belief in his honor. Yet the Atheist, not wishing to be a martyr to the follies of men, has often to improvise a God, a proxy to pass him through the theological obstructions which occur in the journey of life. This, at present, is very easy to do. The Atheist, being generally a person of intellect and principle, has therefore embodied many excellent ideas in the elucidation of his belief—excellent enough to capture the Theist, who, in order to be able to receive them, has deified them. Thus, the aggregated forces and qualities of the universe—Nature—is the Atheist's highest conception of power. But men in their blind idolatry to the word "God," in order to accept the Atheist's platform, called *Nature God*—binding a theology upon the Atheist

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"I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more is none."

Everything in heaven and on earth, real or imaginary, has, at one time or other, by some class, been nick-named *God*. A word so easily transferred from object to object, from idea to idea, cannot be very definite; a word which can mean anything, means nothing.

Indians and other barbarous nations recede before the advance of civilization; so also does God before the advance of science. The time is coming, and now is, when men will as soon think of asking God to interfere with an eclipse, or the presence of a comet—as they formerly did—as to ask Him to regulate the weather in our behalf, or to cure the sick. The thunderbolt or the earthquake will be no greater evidence of a special Providence than the rising of the sun, or any other astronomical phenomenon, is considered now to be.

But it was not my intention to make a plea for Atheism; I know too well the opprobrium attached to the name, to be willing to have it applied to me. So, if you please, we will talk of another idea, attached to the word by you, namely, an unbelief in the immortality of the soul, or a future existence. No such corollary can be deduced from Atheism. A future life no more proves the existence of God than the present life. If, as Spiritualism affirms, we, by a natural process inherent in us, continue to live in another state after the dissolution of our bodies, I cannot see that the act of God shows itself more plainly in such a change than it does in our advent to this

life. To say that a belief in God is necessary to a belief in Spiritualism, is to say, that a future life depends on the will of God—or on a miracle. This is the ground occupied by the Christian. He affirms our inherent immortality. He maintains, that, by a miracle, Christ rose from the dead, "the first-fruits of them that slept"; that our immortality depends on the resurrection of our bodies, which is also to be accomplished by a miracle, by a physical impossibility—but to God nothing is impossible! The Atheist has no conception of the accomplishment of an impossibility; consequently, he can have no belief whatever in the Christian idea of immortality. But Spiritualism declares a future life to be as natural as the present one, and is therefore acceptable by the Atheist, when demonstrated.

The following *excerpts* from Cicero's *Natura Deorum* are interesting, and illustrate, somewhat, Atheistic ideas:

"If you should ask me what God is, or what His character and nature are, I should follow the example of Simonides, who, when asked the same question, to him, deemed it due to consider of it. When he required his answer the next day, Simonides begged two days more; and as he kept constantly desiring to double the number which he had required before, instead of giving his answer, he, who was a master of all, said, 'I am not fit to do so.' Because, says he, 'the longer I meditate on it the more obscure it appears to me.'

"It would be dangerous, I believe, to take the negative side before a public auditory; but it is very safe in discourse to the mind and company, with a few who are not very religious, to say that religious and ceremonial ought sacredly to be maintained, and certainly deserve to have the existence of the Gods, which is the principal point in debate, not only fixed in opinion, but proved to a demonstration; for many notions flow into and disturb the mind, and sometimes seem to convince us that there are none."

"I really believe there are many people so savage that they have no thoughts of Deity. What think you of Diagoras, who was called the Atheist; and of Protagoras, who, when asked the same question, said, 'I am unable to arrive at any knowledge whether there are, or

THE BANNER OF PROGRESS.

PHENOMENAL FACTS.

The "Ring" Manifestation in Baltimore.

The following extended account of this most wonderful physical manifestation of spirit power is copied from the *Banner of Light*:

In a recent number of the *Banner of Light*, I perceive that one of the visitors to your "spirit circle" asked whether the ring manifestation, said to be given in the presence of Mr. Danskin and others, is genuine or not? As the controlling influence seemed not prepared to answer the question definitely, I will assume the responsibility, and assure our inquiring friend that the "ring manifestation" is not only true and genuine in its character, but is so perfectly simple and free from all possibility of trickery or legerdemain, that it never fails to convince the candid investigator of the presence of an invisible, intelligent power.

In order that your readers may understand the rapid progress of this new fact in physics, which has puzzled the most advanced of the scientists among us, I will, briefly as the subject will admit, narrate the facts as they have come under my notice.

On the 20th of January, 1867, a young, apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age, introduced himself to me, and stated that he, like the Davenports, could free himself, no matter how securely he might be tied. After conversing with him sufficiently to convince myself of the probability both of his honesty and his mediumship, I proposed to investigate his claims that evening, provided he would submit to any test I might deem proper to apply. He readily assented, and presented himself at my dwelling at the appointed hour. Meanwhile I had procured a pair of handcuffs, ninety-six feet of small rope, and a board about the height and width of his body, with twenty-five holes in it, each large enough to pass the rope through.

He was first handcuffed, then placed with his back against the board, and the ropes, securely fastened about his body, were then passed through the holes and tied on the outside. Mr. L. H. Weaver, a large and powerful man, was present, and aided me in tying the youth. We both worked diligently for twenty-five minutes, and were confident that no unaided mortal could free himself from such bonds.

He was then carried into an adjoining room, left there in the dark, and in four and a half minutes he walked in amongst us, with the board under his arm and the handcuffs dangling from his fingers.

At this time the First Spiritual Congregation of Baltimore were holding weekly social meetings at Saratoga Hall, which, after some further experiments at my dwelling, I induced the medium to attend. The exhibitions there were perfectly successful. On one occasion an experienced sea-captain was one of the committee on tying, and being skillful in handling the ropes, he did the work more perfectly and artistically, perhaps, than usual. He had fastened a dozen knots, which were behind the board, then took two loops around the neck, drawn nearly as close as could be borne, without strangulation, and tied with all the skill of this skeptical mariner. But the medium came from under the cover, after a few minutes, entirely free, and without any of the knots being untied. The greatest sensation, however, was created by the fact that the loops, which had been around the neck, were not at all enlarged, but still remained some six or seven inches smaller than his head.

This singular occurrence made so strong an impression upon a gentleman present, that on the next day he went to a coachsmith's shop, and had an iron ring made some two and a half inches in circumference, the same as the medium's neck, and bringing it to me, asked me if I would place it, when next sitting with the medium, in connection with the ropes and handcuffs, and see what result would follow. I did so on three or four occasions without effect; but on Sunday night, some ten days after the ring was first placed in my possession, the medium was sitting in my dressing-room, a number of friends were in the adjoining chamber, and after some forty minutes passed in the dark, he called me to come to him, his voice indicating fear or mental excitement. Upon entering the room, we found him tied to a chair, the iron ring around his neck, and a portion of the rope wrapped around the ring. After carefully examining the ring we extinguished the light, left him again alone in the room, and the same power that had produced this wonderful phenomenon released him from his fetters.

After this manifestation had occurred some five or six times in connection with the ropes and handcuffs, I tried the experiment with the ring alone, and sometimes he would remain in the room only two or three minutes before the ring would be around his neck. At other sittings fifteen or twenty minutes would pass before it was accomplished, and occasionally would be unsuccessful, no manifestation occurring.

Mr. Forbes, for many years a minister of the Episcopal church, was the gentleman who suggested the ring, and he, with the smith who made it, entered into a conspiracy to test the matter most effectually.

Another ring precisely similar in appearance was made, marked by four indentations when the metal was soft, and brought to the hall at one of our public exhibitions, without the knowledge of myself or the medium. Watching their opportunity, they substituted the marked ring for the one originally used, and placed it under cover with the medium.

The manifestation was successfully given, but the time was somewhat extended, and the medium was very much exhausted. The first ring had been carefully examined and tested by reliable friends, and the other had not. Had I known the purpose of the parties I would not have permitted it, for, although the intention was probably not unkind, it might have caused much annoyance and injury to the medium.

I embody in this article the certificates of that gentleman, and append that of some thirty others who have witnessed the manifestation; not because I deem it necessary to offer any corroboration of my own statement, for it is entirely immaterial to myself, personally, who accepts or who rejects the facts here narrated, but because, in presenting an account of this remarkable phenomenon, I desire to leave the evidence perfect and complete.

By special invitation, a party of eighteen or twenty gentlemen were assembled in my parlors one evening for the purpose of investigating this wonder that was now exciting the public mind, and among them was one of the most learned and eminent of our public men—a man who stands foremost among the scientific celebrities of our city. He, with two others, forming the committee, carefully examined and marked the ring previous to the manifestation. The medium retired to the adjoining room, and in a few minutes returned with the ring around his neck, and remained in the parlor among my guests some fifteen or twenty minutes, giving ample opportunity for the most careful scrutiny.

The distinguished gentleman to whom I have before alluded, after submitting the ring to the closest examination, after passing the edge of his penknife around the entire circumference of the ring, while it was upon the medium's neck, said to me:

"Mr. Danskin, I will not attempt to say by what power this effect is produced, for it is beyond the known laws of nature; but I do say, sir, that the fact to which you invited our attention has been unquestionably established."

Once, when only three persons were present—the medium, a friend, and myself—we sat together in a dark room; I held the left hand of the medium, my friend held the right hand—our other hands being joined—and while thus sitting, the ring, which I had thrown some distance from us on the

floor, suddenly came around my arm, thus demonstrating the power of our unseen friends to separate and reunite, as well as to expand, the particles of which the ring was composed.

In the earlier manifestations of this remarkable phenomenon, when a portion of the rope was wrapped around the ring, some cavilers, more capacious than wise, suggested that a joint in the ring might be concealed by the rope; but when the rope was dispensed with and the naked ring was used alone, then all intelligent skepticism was silent.

And now, Messrs. Editors, in conclusion, permit me to say that this simple fact occurring, lies outside and independent of all the known laws of nature, is not only potent in its defiance of those malcontents of physical mediums, who call themselves Spiritualists, but appeals with *direct* and *irresistible* power to every phase of skepticism but two, the one being based on hopeless imbecility and the other the result of invincible hostility, and with neither condition do I desire to interfere; my personal efforts for the propagation of our Divine Philosophy being directed only to those who have sufficient intelligence to appreciate its value, and sufficient candor to avow their convictions.

Yours, respectfully,
WASH. A. DANSKIN.

"A Realizing Sense."

The above quaint expression is not new to those who are accustomed to "Evangelical" modes of talking and writing; though calculated utterly to puzzle one not instructed in their peculiar phraseology. Its meaning is generally understood to be as follows:

The feelings of salvation can only be obtained by faith in the atonement purchased by the blood of Christ; and this atonement is extended only to those who accept it exactly on the terms offered.

These involve a total renunciation of all virtue or merit of one's own, a confession of absolute unworthiness,

and a desire to please God by an acknowledgment of His unspeakable power in pardoning the sins of the guilty.

It is the emblem of the great and glorious

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THE BANNER OF PROGRESS.

The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

LYCEUM DEPARTMENT.

"Angels where'er we go attend
With steps that make no noise,
With such care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside." —CHARLES WESLEY.

NOTICE.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM of San Francisco will assemble on Sunday, (to-morrow) March 1st, at 2 o'clock, p. m., at Dashaway Hall, Post street. Friends of the Lyceum are cordially invited to be present.

From the Banner of Light.

The Baby on the Other Side.

BY JULIA A. FIELD.

"How sweet, dear mother, baby lies,
Drest in his robe of white,
With tiny rose-buds round his head
And in his fingers sight!
He looks as white upon your breast
As when he lay in his white bed,
While Maud and I across the floor
On tiptoe softly crept.

And will he never open again
His earnest, wondering eyes,
And, as he lay, his mother's side
Would he not rise?
Will never more his laughing eyes crow
Our tender father greet?
At rest his clasped hands?
At rest his dancing feet?

Each evening when from school I came,
Soon as he saw my face,
He threw his little arms aloft
To spring to my embrace;
And, as he lay, his mother's side
Would he not rise?
Our baby when he died,
Brought up in his tender arms,
To the other side?"

"What a site, my mother? Speak!
Mathinks you'll talk!"
"The other side of death, mamma;
You know he could not walk."
"Ah, mother, how hard I strive!
Upon an angel's breast,
To blossom 'neath the sun of love,
Our babe is fondly prest.

As children lay in Jesus' arms,
With light, unstudied grace,
With a smile, a look, a kiss,
Upon each upturned face,
So spirits in the land of souls
Reside in beauty, grace,
And with a brooding tender care,
Unfold their budding charms."

The Poor Musician and His Mate.

One beautiful summer day there was a great festival in the large park at Vienna. This park is called by the people the "Prater." It is full of lovely trees, splendid walks, and little rustic pleasure houses. At the time of which I am speaking, there were a great many people there; some young and some old, and many strangers to Austria, all who were there enjoyed such a scene as they had probably never beheld before. But that as it may, the Prater was almost covered with the crowds of people. Among the number were organ-grinders, beggars, and girls who played on harps. There stood an old musician. He had once been a soldier, but his pension was not enough to live on. Still he didn't like to beg; therefore, on this particular festival day, he took his violin and played under an old tree in the park. He had a good, faithful old dog along with him, which lay at his feet and held an old iron in his mouth, that passers-by might cast coins in for the poor man.

On the day of the festival which I have mentioned, the dog sat before him with the old hat. Many people went up and heard the old musician playing, but they didn't throw much in. I wonder the people did not give him more, for he was truly a pitiable object. His face was covered with scars received in his country's battles, and he wore a long gray coat, which he had kept ever since he had been in the army. He even had his old sword by his side, and would not consent to walk in the streets without carrying his trusty friend with him. He had only three fingers on his right hand, so he had to hold the bow with these. A bullet had taken off the other two, and almost at the same time a cannon-ball had taken off his left hand. He had lost money he had been spent in buying new strings for his violin, and he was now playing with all his strength the old marches he had learned when a boy, from his father. He looked sad enough when he saw the multitudes pass by in their strength, their youth, and their beauty; but whenever they laughed it was like a dagger to his soul, for he knew on that very evening he would have to go to bed supperless, hungry as he was, and lie on a straw couch in a little garret room. His old dog was better off, for he often found a bone here and there to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It was late in the afternoon; his hopes were almost like the sun—they were both both down together. He laid his old violin down by his side, and lay down against the tree. The tears streamed down his scared cheeks. He thought none of that chidg could have seen him but he was mistaken. Not far off stood a gentleman in fine clothes, who had a kind heart. He had listened to the old musician, and when he saw that no one gave him anything his heart was touched with pity. He finally went to the dog, and looking into the hat, saw only two little copper coins in it. He said to the old musician:

"My good friend, why don't you play longer?" "O, my dear sir!" replied the old man, "I cannot, my poor old arm is so tired that I cannot hold the bow, besides, I have had no dinner, and have little strength or supper."

The old man wiped the tears away with his feeble old hands. The kind gentleman resolved to aid him as best he could. He gave him a piece of gold and said:

"I will pay you if you will loan me your violin for one hour."

"O," said the musician, "this piece of money is worth more than half a dozen fiddles like mine."

"Never mind," said the gentleman; "I only want to hire it one hour."

"Very well, you can do what you will," said the old man.

"Now, my mate, you take the money and I will play. I am quite sure people will give us some thing."

Now, was not that a singular musical association? They had but just become acquainted, and immediately entered into an arrangement to work together for the public.

The strange gentleman began to play. His mate looked at him with great wonder; he could hardly believe it was his old violin that made such beautiful music. Every note was like a pearl.

The first piece was not finished before the people observed the strange sight, and hearing such wonderful music stood in silent admiration. Every one saw that the fine looking gentleman was playing for the poor man, but none knew who he was. By and by the people began to drop money into the hat, and the old dog seemed delighted to receive so many pieces of gold for his master. The circle of hearers became larger and larger. Even the coachmen of the splendid car-

riages begged the people inside to stop and hear the music. Still the money increased. Gold, silver, and copper were thrown into the hat by old and young. The old dog began to growl. What in the world could be the matter? One gentleman, as he dropped a large piece of money into the hat, had struck him on the nose, and it came very near letting the hat and money fall. But it soon became so heavy he could not hold it any longer.

"Empty your hat, old man," said the people, "and we will fill it again for you."

He pulled out an old handkerchief and wrapped the money in it, and put it in his old violin-bag.

The stranger kept on playing, and the people cried out, "Bravo! bravo!" in great joy. Even children seemed carried away with rapture. At last he played that splendid song, "God bless the Emperor Francis!" All hats and caps flew off their heads, for the people loved their Emperor. The song finally came to an end. The hour was ended and the stranger handed back the violin to the old man.

"Thank you," said he. "May God bless you!" and the stranger disappeared in the crowd.

"Who is he? Who is he?" said the people. "Where does he come from?"

A person sitting in one of the carriages, said: "I know him. It is Alexander Boucher, the distinguished violinist. It is just like him. He saw that the old man needed help, and he determined to help him in the best way he could."

The people then gave three cheers for Boucher, and put more money in the old man's hat. When he went home that evening he was richer than he had ever been before. Before he went to his bed, he folded his hands and prayed that God might bless good Boucher, so that when he should get to be an old man he might have good friends.

The Mosquito.

A writer thus tells how the mosquito looks, what he does for a living, and how he is produced:

It is unscientific to say that mosquitoes bite, for they have no teeth, and they have no need of teeth to seize upon and prepare their food, for they are dainty, and take food only in the liquid form—spoon vittuals. They are a chivalric race, and attack their enemies with a sort of sword or lance; no doubt they consider biting and gouging quite vulgar. The lance of the mosquito is a very beautiful and perfect piece of work; it is smoother than burnished steel, and its point is so fine and perfect that the most powerful microscope does not discover a flaw in it. As the most delicate cambic needle is to the crowbar, so is the mosquito's lance to the best Damascus blade. The lance is in a scabbard or sheath, which the mosquito drinks his food. The mosquito is the most musical of all animals. There is no bird which sings so much. He never tires of his simple song. How happy must he be, cheerily singing far into the night! What a volume of music from so slight a creature! If a man had a voice so loud proportionate to his weight, he might hold a conversation across the Atlantic, and there would be no need of the telegraph. Let us inquire about the beginning of the mosquito; let us take him in the egg. The mother mosquito has a notion of naval architecture, and out of the eggs she lays she constructs a well-modified boat with elevated bow and stern, and well proportioned midships. For the boat is to be 250 to 350 eggs, binding it up piecemeal, somewhat after the manner of men, binding together the individual eggs by means of a powerful water-proof cement, into a substantial and complete structure. Unfortunately, we are unable to give a recipe for the water-proof cement; there are many who would like to have it. The boat is built on the water, and when completed she confidently abandons it to the mercy of the wind and the wave. Thanks to the water-proof cement, she can withstand a broken wettet, nor will she sink if she turns over, and she is not damaged. This little craft, it must be remembered, is freighted with life—each of its 250 or 350 little state-rooms has its tenant. After a few days' cruising the occupants of the shells come forth, and the ship is destroyed. But these little creatures are surely not mosquitoes; they are more like fish or serpents, or little dragons. On closer examination they prove to be what every one knows under the name of "wrigglers"; they are the larva of the mosquito. They wriggle about in the well-known way for a week or two, after changing their skins two or three times, they assume their form and movement. There are now what the boy call "tumers" and are the pupae of the mosquito. In about a week, if the weather etc. be favorable, something of the form of the mosquito may be seen through the transparent skin of the tumbler. Shortly the prisoner escapes from his confinement as a full fledged and bold mosquito, and soars away in search of food and pleasure.—*Scientific American.*

This following famous letter was written by Benjamin Franklin at the beginning of the American Revolution. The young who have not yet become familiar with the Roman numerals, will find it good practice to cipher this out:

PH150A500P50PA1, J50x, MDCCCLXXV.
1000. STRAHAN—You are a 1000e1000er of Par-
500000. 500000. 1000000. 1000000. 1000000.
Our people began to burn our towns and 1000er our
people. 50000 upon your hands500. They are
stain500 with the b500od of your resolutions1
You an500 I were 500ng friens500. You are now
1000y eme1000y—an500 I an1000 yours.
B. FRANKLIN.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRL surprised her teacher by saying, "Blessed are the dress-makers." She merely said what many other girls think.

AN EXPOSITION
OR
THREE POINTS
OR
POPULAR THEOLOGY.
A LECTURE,
Delivered at Ebbitt Hall, New York, September 10, 1865,
BY BENJAMIN TODD.

1. Origin and Character of the Orthodox Devil.
2. Positive Law in Opposition to Divine Providence.
3. Man's Own Responsibility in Opposition to Vicarious Atonement.

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Inquire of J. P. FORD, President of the Association, or TRAVELING LECTURER.

By order of the Association,
January 10th, 1868. J. P. FORD, President.

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